

## ANTIDOTES FOR THE BLUES.

MERRY ITEMS FROM PENS OF OUR FUNNY MEN.



Miss Rita—Aren't you fond of dialect poetry, Mr. Dreestbeep?

Mr. Dreestbeep (of the Chicago Browning Society)—Well, James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field do very well, but I can't see any sense in the other daisy, and I carry it too far.

On the Mend.

First Actor—Hello, how's the road?

Second Actor—Rocky, I'm going to try and make a go of the 'egitimate' next season.

Legitimate? Legitimate what?

Expenses.

He Had Been Warned.

Prudent Parent—But can you support a family, Mr. Dooley?

Dooley—Oh, I don't propose to try to. I've been warned against marrying a wife's family.

Her First Experience.

Mr. Brown (twit-hes, suggests, rolls his eyes and dilates his nose).

Mr. Brown—For shame, sir, what are you laughing at?

Mr. B.—I'm not laughing. I've got a fit.

Know His Man.

Will Neverwork (who has been growing up with the cuntry)—Well, I've made a fortune and got married!

Sam Lhotso—How much was she worth?

Does It Pay?

"Does it pay to strike?" shouted the orator.

"It depends on how much you strike for," said the baseball enthusiast. "If it is a three-bagger, it pays every time."

Reasonable.

Lawyer (in the most recent distant future)—I have proof positive that my client was insane at the time of this murder. Now, witness, did you notice any thing singular or erratic in the conduct of the accused lady?

Witness—No, sir, nothing whatever.

Lawyer (triumphantly)—There, gentlemen of the jury, does not that confirm my claim? The unfortunate man was certainly out of his head or he would not have neglected to perform some act in public which would render his sanity doubtful!

An Aid to Letter-Writing.

There are about fifteen large importing houses in New York and they supply the United States and Canada.

Certain shades, such as drab, gray and white, will be very scarce this coming winter, and it is ready to say that the market in some cases it is slightly bleached or dyed to a more brilliant color.

It is then sent to the big importers in London and Paris, and they supply the United States and Canada.

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Irish-American Military Encampment.

A four-day encampment and civic celebration by the Irish-American Military Union of the United States will be held in Broomfield's Union Park, commencing this evening. Branches from nearly every State and Territory will be represented. Competitive drills, national songs and dancing will be features of the encampment.

Bill Nye at the Race Track—Read the SUNDAY WORLD.

A WORLD Reporter Disguised as a Tramp Tells His Experiences from Maine to New York—SUNDAY'S WORLD.

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## HER FATAL CHOICE.

The Simple Story of a Loving-Hearted Girl and Unrequited Sacrifice.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

Author of "Jacob's Wife," "Under False Pretences," etc., etc.

Lizzy Blackwell, by hard work in a London shop, supports her drunken grandparents and pays for her brother's schooling. Her best friend is Edward Primrose, a dapper grocery clerk, with a patronizing manner. By his request she saves enough money to buy a cheap new dress, and this attracted the notice of Edward's mother, who, in the hope of making a good marriage for her son, is the object of disapproving glances from all, particularly Edward's mother. After service, Mr. Primrose is found in her denunciation of the girl, and so Edward, who does not meet Lizzy that day for their regular Sunday afternoon walk, is left to make a match between a rich and the daughter of a poor man. Edward gradually neglects Lizzy, and compares her poverty to the advantages of such a wealthy union. He finds out from Lizzy how her money goes to buy drink for her grandparents.

"As long as you're with them they'll drag you down," he said, with infinite disgust, on one of the rare afternoons which he now spent with Lizzy. The summer was melting away; it was August and a bank holiday. The two had gone westward into Hyde Park, largely populated on such days with weary-looking East Enders. Lizzy and Edward Primrose had found a little bench which they kept to themselves. Mr. Primrose was neat and spruce as usual, but his countenance bore an expression of deep dissatisfaction, and Lizzy's face was flushed with anxiety and fatigue.

"They're the only people I've got," said Lizzy, simply.

"And you like 'em better than me, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, Edward."

"You've got to choose between us," said Edward manfully. "I can't do with a lot of relatives like that hanging on to you. You must give them up—or me."

"I don't know how grandy will manage without me," said Lizzy, "but of course I'll do what you want. I'll tell her not to come when I'm married; nor grand-uncle neither."

"And the boy too?" added her lover in an authoritative tone.

"The boy?" Lizzy began to falter. "Dick? He's the one who keeps him. He can't work for himself; he must go to school, and they won't let anything for him. I can't give up Dick."

"It's Dick or me," said Edward, more decidedly than ever.

"Oh, Edward, you don't mean it."

"Yes, I do. I've been intending to say so this long time. I won't have that impudent about my place, nor you giving him my money. Him or me, Lizzy."

The tears began to roll down Lizzy's cheeks. She could not plead; she only looked at her lover and wept. He was irritated by this form of protest.

"I don't see what there is to cry for. If you care for me, it's no great loss to give up a little brute like that brother of yours. If you don't care for me enough to do that, why, you had better say good-by at once. I'm sure I have to give up things for you. There's my mother, she won't like my marriage; and there's my prospects. I might marry Miss Atkins and be taken in the business but for you. And now you make a fuss about that boy."

"Mother told me always to take care of him," murmured Lizzy.

"You may have a few days to think over it," said Mr. Primrose, with an agreeable sense of being magnanimous. "You can let me know on Sunday. I don't go crying and making a fool of myself here, Lizzy. Shall we have some of your beer?"

He had not a single doubt as to what Lizzy's decision would be. "Why, it's a capital one," he said to himself with unctuousness. "It's for his own advantage. The only person who would really suffer in the bargain would be the illustrious Edward Primrose himself. He would have to give up Miss Atkins and the prospect of a partnership. Was this sacrifice to go for nothing?"

He was unpleasantly surprised when Sunday came to see that Lizzy's eyes were red and swollen, but that every line of her face expressed an adverse decision.

"I can't do it," she burst out, as soon as Edward broached the subject; "I can't give 'em up. I can't give Dick up for any one."

"Not even for me?"

She shook her head. "Mother left him to me. I wouldn't hurt her."

"Choose, then—him or me."

"Oh, Edward, I must choose him," cried poor Lizzy, with a fresh burst of tears, which hardened her companion's heart against her, because it was so noisy.

"Good-by, then," he said, curtly. "I was ready to make sacrifices for you, but you won't make none for me, it seems. I'll not keep you longer, Miss. I wish you a very good afternoon. You've made your choice."

A fatal choice, indeed, for Lizzy and her happiness!

Edward went home, and found his mother entertaining Miss Atkins, who accompanied them to chapel in the evening. It was natural that she should walk home with Miss Atkins; perhaps it was natural that she should respond more warmly than usual to her advances. At any rate, before another Sunday came round the whole congregation at Zion Chapel was agitated by the news that Susan Atkins was going to marry her father's assistant, and that Mr. Atkins was to take him very shortly into partnership. Some were jealous, some were indignant at Edward Primrose's good fortune; but most people opined that it was the reward of merit, and that Mrs. Primrose was happy in possessing such a successful son.

Lizzy did not hear of the engagement for some little time. She was told of it at last by her brother, who came home with the news from school one afternoon.

"Lizzy! Primrose is going to marry old Atkins's girl and set up shop with him! My eye! What is the matter now, Lizzy? Are you dead?"

For Lizzy had leaned back in her chair and quietly fainted away. She was ill for some time after that, not with any positive disease, but in a quiet, nerveless way as if she had not energy enough to develop delicate symptoms. She never spoke of Edward.

She heard of his marriage soon after Christmas without a word. She went to the chapel and saw the wedding, and took a little spray of violets as her contribution to the festivities. She cast it at Susan's feet as the bride came out of the building; and Susan, who was redder and jollier and braver looking than ever glanced curiously at the pale, shabby girl, whose hollow eyes met hers so pathetically. She could not refrain from giving her newly made husband a jerk with her elbow.

"Who's that girl, Edward?" she said, rather too audibly.

Edward turned and looked straight into Lizzy's pallid face. "I don't know," he said, deliberately, as he helped his bride into the carriage at the chapel gate. And Lizzy heard.

She went home to find fresh trouble in store for her. Her grandfather was suddenly

found on the steps the body of a young woman in faded finery, taken ill, and died of inflammation of the lungs before a week was over. Later in the Spring her grandmother had a paralytic seizure and was confined henceforward to her bed. And in the strain and stress of attendance upon her Lizzy's health became so broken that she was dismissed from the factory for incapacity. And yet there was the querulous, feeble old woman to be attended to and a growing boy to be fed and clothed and kept at school. Dick was turning out a clever boy, and would soon be able to work for himself. But in the mean time he must not starve. What was she to do? A way must be managed somehow. Money she must have—for Dick's sake.

The grandmother lived for five long, weary years. Dick rose to the dignity of pupil teacher in his school; he was petted by the masters and the clergyman of the parish; it

was said that he should be sent to the Training College, and be made some day the master of a Board School. There was only one obstacle in his road to greatness; only one stumbling block to be removed. A white-faced woman, sometimes with streaks of artificial red upon her cheeks; sometimes with features swollen and eyes bleared by intemperance—it was she who hung about the school and was jeered at by the children, and, as people said, destroyed young Blackwell's influence in the place. True, he had brought him up, nurtured him, educated him at her own expense, poor soul! but her day was past—her usefulness over. She had become a blight upon Richard Blackwell's building prospects, as well as her own.

Young Blackwell, a fine strapping fellow between sixteen and seventeen, with a hard, keen face and shrewd black eyes, saw the difficulty and prepared himself one evening to remove it. His sister found him packing up his books and clothes, and asked him, tremulously, where he meant to go.

"I mean," said Dick, standing and looking at her, "to leave this place, Lizzy. Mr. Murray, our head teacher, has promised to take me into his house and teach me, so that I may fit myself to become a Board School teacher."

"Why can't you stay here and learn? I'd never interrupt you," said Lizzy.

"I can't, Lizzy. The fact is, you're a drag upon me. You know what people say—you know what your habits are. Now, I'm sorry to have to say this, but as long as you conduct yourself as you do now I can't have anything to do with you—anything to do with you I mean. You must just keep away from me in the future. You're nothing but a disgrace to me."

"I'll do whatever you want me to, Dick," cried Lizzy, her eyes dilating with sudden fear. "I'll never be a—a disgrace to you. It—it has been all for you."

"If you want to lead a better life," said the austere young brother, "the Vicar's wife is ready to help you. She knows of places where people—women—are taken in, that want to be reformed."

"If I go there, will you love me still, and come to see me, Dick?" moaned Lizzy.

He shook his head. "No, I couldn't do that, Lizzy. I wish you well—and all that, but since I've found out the sort of life you lead, I've made up my mind I must give you up. It won't do for a respectable young man to be mixed up with people who are—not respectable. Good-by, Lizzy."

THE END.

THOUGH SHAKEN LIKE A LEAF.

By the most trivial causes, weak nerves are easily susceptible of invagination, a term which also imports, in this instance, quiescence. The nervous have but to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters systematically to overcome that excessive sensitivity of the human organism, which is characteristic of all bodily comfort and mental tranquility, and which reacts most hurtfully upon the system. The difficulty underlying this, as well as many other ailments, is imperfect assimilation, or less than complete digestion of the food. In the discharge of both the digestive and assimilative functions, the Bitters are the most potent, the most reliable auxiliary. As the body regains vigor and regularity by its aid, the brain and nervous system are also benefited. Persons subject to the influence of malnutrition, dyspepsia and rheumatic invalids, and persons whose kidneys are inactive, should also use the Bitters.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

PERSONS WHOSE OCCUPATION GIVES BUT LITTLE EXERCISE are victims of indigestion and constipation. Carter's Little Liver Pills will relieve you.

CARPET CLEANING—T. M. STEWART, 329 7th Ave.; send for circular; telephone call 125 21st St.

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